

Let's go crazy!

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Summary: A crazy Friday-night-out with Rikki and Cleo...

Let's go crazy!

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own H2O: Just Add Water.\*\***

**\*\*Author's note: Rikki and Cleo are 22 years old in this story. Okey, here we go!\*\***

\* \* \*

<p><strong>Let's go crazy!<strong>

**\*\*It's a Friday-night during the summer and Rikki and Cleo sit at the bar in the local nightclub.\*\***

"Hey, bar-guy! One more drink over here! NOW!" screams a clearly drunk Rikki, looking like a crazy lady.

"I'd say you've had more than enough tonight. You told me that we came here to dance and chillax. Not to get drunk." says Cleo.

"Maybe, but I don't feel like dancing right now." says Rikki in a casual tone. "Bar-guy! Where's my drink?"

The bartender hands Rikki a new drink.

"Thanks, dude!" says Rikki with a sexy smirk.

Before Rikki can drink it, Cleo grab the glass from Rikki's hand and drink it all in one move.

"Oh dear! Feels like acid in my throat..." says Cleo.

"Wow, Cleo! Do that again! Don't you just love that sharp sting?"

says Rikki.

"No way! I'm not like you, Rikki." says Cleo.

"Yo, bar-guy! One more! Oh, what the fuck...? Just bring me the whole bottle." says Rikki with a slurred voice that shows how drunk she is.

The bartender hands Rikki the bottle.

"Viva la me!" says Rikki in joy as she begin to drink straight from the bottle.

"No drink for me, for sure." mumbles Cleo to herself.

"What did you say? One drink for me, is that what you said...? One drink for my bitch over here!" says Rikki.

The bartender gives Cleo a glass of beer.

"No, thanks!" says Cleo in a friendly calm tone.

"Give it to me!" says Rikki as she grab the glass in front of Cleo.

"Rikki, stop it! People are watching..." says Cleo.

"Don't care!" says Rikki.

"Rikki, please..." says Cleo. "You shouldn't drink this much."

"No big deal, Cleo. I'm just gettin' started." says Rikki with a smile.

"What...?" says Cleo.

"Bar-guy! Bring me 4 shots of your strongest whiskey / tequila-mix." says Rikki with a loud voice.

"No! Bartender, my friend has had more than enough now. Don't give her any more." says Cleo.

"Just one more..." says Rikki.

"No! No more alcohol for you." says Cleo to Rikki.

"Go home if you want to, Cleo. I'm staying right here." says Rikki.

"Lucky for you that Zane's dad own this place so we can get free drinks here. If that wasn't the case, you would be in the shit, big time." says Cleo.

"Sounds like I'm not the only drunk chick around..." says Rikki with a soft sexy voice.

"Oh no, how much alcohol was in that drink I took from Rikki...?" thinks Cleo to herself.

"Maybe I'm a little bit drunk from that drink I stole from you, but

you're much more drunk than I am. Also I only drank that stuff so you wouldn't do it." says Cleo.

"Fine! We're leaving." says Rikki.

Rikki and Cleo leave the nightclub.

"Cleo...I've got a few bottles of spanish wine at home in my bedroom. How about we head there and open one, eh?" says Rikki.

"Never! Like I said, you've had too much to drink already." says Cleo. "You need to go home and sleep the alcohol out of your body."

"Why? I want more alchol..." whines Rikki.

"No! I'll follow you home so I can make sure that you get there safe and that you don't have even as much as a drop more to drink tonight." says Cleo.

"Just one more drink, please..." complains Rikki with a childish voice.

"No!" says Cleo.

15 minutes later the two girls are at Rikki's place.

Cleo helps Rikki onto her bed.

"Try to sleep and I'll see you tomorrow." says Cleo.

"You're leaving?" asks Rikki.

"Yeah! And just to make sure that you don't get even more drunk, I'll take these with me." says Cleo as she grab the 4 bottles of wine from Rikki's nightstand and leave.

"Bye, Cleo!" says Rikki.

"Bye! Sweet dreams!" says Cleo.

\*\*The End.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Author's note 2: This story is written in honor of my best girl-bud Jenny Carola.<strong>

End  
file.